DIA E. PINKHAM'S
GETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE
of those Painful Complaints and
eaknesses so common to our best
FEMALE POPULATION.
CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FE-
COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, In-
TION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND Dis-
ENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAK-
IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE
OF LIFE.
DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE
IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE
TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED
EEDILY BY ITS USE.
OVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS
NG FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAK-
THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEAD-
RVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY,
ON AND INDIGESTION.
LING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN,
AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY
BY ITS USE.
AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUM-
ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT
THE FEMALE SYSTEM.
FOR KIDNEY COMPLAINTS OF EITHER SEX,
ham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND is
ALLED. For the Cure of Kidney Complaints in
ITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.
E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is
Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5.
ds by mail, postage paid in form
Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs.
"Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any
ing stamp. Letters confidentially answered.
should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
LS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness
of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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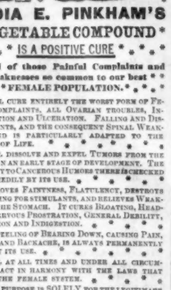
MAINE FARMER
—HAVE—
ed in a Thorough Manner,
—THEIR—
JOB PRINTING OFFICE
ing secured the services of first-,
ob Printers, under the charge
an Experienced Foreman,
now Prepared to Execute with
ness and Dispatch, Every
Variety of
WSPAPER, BOOK,
—AND—
ral Job Printing.

Vital Questions!!!
Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves, and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?
And they will tell it you unhesitatingly
"*Some form of Hops!!!*"
CHAPTER I.
Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention, or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"
"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "*Buchu!!!*"
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases, or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c," and they will tell you:
"*Mandrake! or Dandelion!!!*"
Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable,
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed, which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill to which can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is
Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use.
CHAPTER II.
"Patients
"Almost dead or nearly dying"
For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs, called consumption, have been cured.
Women gone nearly crazy!!!!!
From agony of wrangling, nervousness, wakefulness, and varied diseases peculiar to women.
People drawn out of shape from excruciating pangs of rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from Scrofula,
Are expelled
"Saltrheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, sour stomach, blotches, almost all diseases fruit"
Nature is heir to
Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.
Some genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.



OZONE
A PERFECT DISINFECTANT IN CONTAGIOUS DISEASES FOR INHALATION IN ASTHMA, CATARRH, CROUP AND DIPHTHERIA
WATER
A VALUABLE REMEDY IN ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS FOR INTERNAL USE IN KIDNEY DISEASES, FEVER, AND BLOOD POISINING &c.
PHYSICIANS are familiar with the medicinal properties of OZONE, and all may have knowledge of its merits from our Pamphlets, free.
Our OZONE Preparations sold by Druggists.
THE CHEMICAL OZONE MFG. CO.,
134 and 139 PURCHASE ST., BOSTON.

New, Modern Built
STATIONARY ENGINES.
Compact, quick working, economic, with heater, pumps, governor, lubricators, and all fixtures, self-contained, all following unprecedented low prices:

15-h.p.	$350	Full Stock at our factory
25-h.p.	325	
35-h.p.	450	Come and examine In
45 h.p.	500	
60-h.p.	550	mediate shipment made.

BOILERS:
All styles, new and second-hand a specialty, while we have at our works the largest stock of general machinery in the hands of any one firm in this country.
ALSO—
New and Second-hand
Portable Engines,
5 to 40-h.p. ready for quick shipment.
Best Portables built in the United States. First class in workmanship and material. Over 4,000 in constant use.
Prices made at customers' station. Send for Catalogue and Price List, stating just what required.
S. C. FORBAITH MACHINE COMPANY,
Manufacturers and General Machine Dealers,
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Please state in what paper you saw advertisement.

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THE MONARCH POTATO DIGGER
Saves its cost yearly, FIVE TIME OVER, to every farmer. Guaranteed to Please or Money Refunded. Hundreds a Day!
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For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Sprains, Backache, Sciatica, Burns and Scalds, Bruises, Frosted Feet & Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
A safe, sure, and effectual remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on Horses.
One trial will prove its merits.
Its effects are instantaneous.
Price 25c. and 50c. Sold everywhere.

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Having fitted up a shop with steam power, I am pleased to inform my old customers and the public generally, that I am ready to fill all orders. Hives, Sections, Extractors, Comb Foundation and all other Supplies used by Bee-Keepers. Of the best quality and the lowest possible price, consistent with first-class stock and work. My Annual Illustrated Catalogue for 1884 will be sent free on application.
Choice Italian Queens and Full Colonies a specialty. Address
Apiarian Fair, Mo. 6tf] J. H. MASON.

KENNEBEC COUNTY.—*In Probate Court at Augusta, on the first Monday of September, A. D. 1884.*
ELEANOR W. GUILD, widow of CYRUS GUILD, late of Augusta, deceased, having petitioned for dower in said estate,
ORDERED, That notice thereof be given three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of October next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be holden at Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.
EMERY O. BEAN, *Judge.*
ATTEST: HOWARD OWEN, *Register.* 47

NEW CARDS 20 Hidden Name
(no two alike) with the Small Soldiers' Album of Stamps, 13 Agent's Samples, 1 Set of Fine Transparent Cards, 1 Set Chromo Cards, 1 Set Floral Cards, 1 Set Motto Cards, 1 Set Scrap Pictures, 1 Set Transparent Cards, 1 Set Gilt Edge Cards, 1 Set Fancy

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Oct. 30, 1884.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞ All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name *of the office to which it has previously been sent*, otherwise we shall be unable comply with his request.

☞ Postage Free to all Subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

C. S. ATER will call upon our subscribers in York county during November.

J. W. KELLOGG will call upon our subscribers in Aroostook county, during November and December.

C. H. PRATT, will call upon our subscribers in Somerset county, during November.

Gov. Robie went to Orrington, yesterday, to attend a Grange meeting.

The Monson Slate Company is to make an exhibit of Maine slate at the New Orleans Exposition.

The new and enterprising proprietors of the *Waterville Sentinel* have raised the price of their paper to two dollars a year, and they are giving their readers a paper worth the money, and Moore.

The Supreme Court of Ohio, three Judges affirming and two dissenting, on Tuesday, declared the Scott liquor tax law unconstitutional. The decisions on the several pending cases were all to this effect.

Farmers and traders should be on the lookout for swindlers. Don't dispose of your goods until you know who you are trading with. Don't put too much confidence in those smooth-tongued sharpers that are travelling about trying to convince you that they can come into possession of a fortune without working for it.

The President, Tuesday, appointed ex-Secretary Hugh McCullough to be Secretary of the Treasury, and Secretary W. Q. Gresham to be Circuit Judge of the Seventh Circuit, to succeed Judge Thomas Drummond, resigned. The appointment of Secretary McCulloch took effect Wednesday, and Judge Gresham left Wednesday for Indiana.

The Piscataquis Teachers' Association will hold its thirteenth semi-annual session at Milo, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 20, 21, and 22. An attractive programme is offered for each day. The usual relications are made by the railroads. Free entertainment is offered to members of the Association only, for which application should be made to Geo. W. Howe, Milo, by Nov. 18.

The National Convention of soldiers and sailors met at Indianapolis, Ind., Thursday, with delegates representing 1,100 organizations. The convention adopted resolutions urging Congress to make important changes in pension laws and advising soldiers and sailors to support those political candidates who favor and have favored such changes.

The majority in this State for the constitutional amendment, not counting a few small towns and plantations, is 47,075. Secretary Munson's original estimate of 50,000 majority for the amendment was remarkably correct. It was a great victory. The friends of the amendment would have been glad before the election, to be assured of a majority of 30,000.

Mr. L. L. Woods of Augusta, has a word to say about fruit trees, which will be of benefit to our readers. He had a lot of young trees completely girdled by the mice, and administered the following remedy: Take one-half clay and one-half cow manure, and bind up the wounds, and whenever this poultice gets dry, pour on water to keep it moist. After this treatment his trees are all alive and flourishing.

Mr. Edward S. Abbott of Dexter, who was a member of the class of '84 at the Maine State College, has been elected Professor of Physiology at the Hahnemann Institute, Chicago. This is a training school for Quit claim connected with the Hahnemann Medical College at Chicago, and a student who is elected to fill this office is supposed to rank high in the branch to which he is elected. Hahnemann Medical College is the largest Homeopathic Medical School in the country, the present class numbering over three hundred students.

From information received by the Department of Agriculture at Washington, from its European correspondents, it appears that the grain growers abroad are about as sorely pressed to make their good crops valuable to them as are those of this country. There seems to be quite as great a poverty in prices there as here. The report on Great Britain says: "The disheartening prices which all grain is now bringing is even a severer blow to the farmers than the bad crops of previous years, and coming when their resources are pressed to the uttermost, the future is looked forward to with utter dismay."

Weather of some kind is assured beyond a doubt; we shall have it, weather or no, for Capt. Nash has issued the annual edition of his ever welcome *Maine Farmers' Almanac*. We are gratified to learn, from a somewhat careful examination of its familiar pages, that we are to have twelve months next year; that there will be no change in the rising of the sun and the going down thereof; that the tides will ebb and flow twice in twenty-four hours; that we shall have thunder and lightning in July and August, and frosts and snow in November and December; that the national anniversary will come on the 4th of July, and Christmas on the 25th of December. This and much other information with the usual miscellaneous matter, will be found in the almanac, which may be had of the booksellers, or of the publisher at Augusta.

Fuller advices from China gives the following particulars of the French defeat at Tamsui, Oct. 15. Lin Ting Schuah, the Chinese general, sent some of his soldiers, disguised as coolies, to offer to assist the French in their work of building forts. Meanwhile the rest of the Chinese soldiers formed an ambush close at hand. Presently a signal, previously agreed upon, was given, when upon the supposed coolies and the soldiers in ambush made a sudden attack upon the French and hemmed them in on all sides. The French were overwhelmed, and rushed into the sea in the wildest confusion. Admiral Lespes admits that 100 of his men were killed. He offered a reward of 4€ for each corpse restored. The loss of the French flag was greatly deplored, and admiral Lespes endeavored to recover it from the Chinese by offering them two new flags in exchange for it. But the Chinese refused to entertain the bargain.

The French do not get on well in China. Admiral Courbet has Keelung in his possession, but Tamsui, on the east coast of Formosa, has thus far resisted every attempt at capture. The harbor is well protected by torpedoes, and Admiral Lespes in making an advance from the rear fell into an ambush and was repulsed with heavy loss. Meanwhile the situation in Tonquin is growing more and more serious. The Chinese troops are closing in on all sides upon the French, who are safe enough while they remain under the protection of their gunboats, but who cannot take the offensive until the arrival of reinforcements. The uneasiness at Paris is great, and on Thursday the cabinet voted to send 13,000 men, the main contingent to be drawn from Algiers. General Campenon declines to mobilize an army corps without the consent of the Chambers, and the enormous expenses involved in such a step the ministry does not desire to favor, since they have all along promised that a great deal of glory was to be had in the East at a very cheap price. It is now plain that if China is to be coerced into the payment of a large indemnity, France must adopt the method of direct invasion of Chinese territory.

A Troubled Farmer.

Mr. D. H. Carson of Crescent City, Iowa, writes to a Western paper that his plan for restoring prosperity is to have the government make loans to farmers of all the money they need, and he thinks if this is not done there will be trouble.

Certainly if it were done there would be very great trouble. If the government loans money to farmers it must either loan on adequate security and at adequate rates of interest or it must dispense with both the security and the interest. The latter course would amount simply to giving money away, and would soon bankrupt the government. The former course would simply substitute the government for the private lender without any apparent advantage to the borrower, as the difficulty of paying his debts and the pain of being foreclosed and sold out would be as great if his creditor were the government as if it were a private party. Moreover, if loans are to be made to all who are now farmers they must of course be made to all who desire to become farmers. Suppose there are now 4,000,000 farmers in the West competing with each other in the production of the same crops, and the competition is so close that they can all hardly pay expenses. Indiscriminate loans and gifts of money by the government to all who desire to become farmers could only tend to increase the number of farmers, and hence the difficulty of getting a profit out of the occupation. What farmers want is not bounties to induce more persons to go at farming, but such a policy, on the part of the government, that will just let them alone, to fill up the ranks of the non-farming population and thereby give some value to farm products, and lessen the activity of the competition among farmers. Suppose everybody decided to become farmers. Where would be the markets for the surplus products of the farm? It is not the increase of the number of farmers that is making hard times, but the turning communities or to the nation, but an increase of the products of those who are now farmers, followed by an increase of the value of these products by creating a demand for them. Should such a state of things exist in the neighborhood of Mr. D. H. Carson, referred to above, his land will rise to double its present value, his crops will sell in Iowa for the prices they now get in New York or Liverpool, his mortgage will disappear, and a piano will take its place.

Governor Yates on one occasion, during the dark days of the war, telegraphed to President Lincoln a brand new plan of his own for saving the country. Lincoln's telegram in reply was, "Wait, Dick, and see the salvation of the Lord!" People who expect to get rich or even prosper by the government loaning them money, are those who luxuriate on moonshine, and regard a mortgage as a blessing. There come periods in the lives of all of us when the greatest virtue is that of patience. Honest, patient toil will bring sure and safe rewards, if not brilliant ones; and whoever expects to get rich or to prosper by either the government or individuals loaning him money, will wake up some fine morning to find his expectations "stepped upon."

MURDER WILL OUT. Something like a week ago, officers in Chelsea, a town adjoining this city, were informed that a mysterious place was discovered in the woods on the Hallowell road, about a mile from the National Soldiers' Home. Sunday forenoon, Deputy Sheriffs Cobb and Ames and James E. Blanchard of Chelsea, visited the spot. Entering the woods near Peleg Crocker's house, they proceeded south through the forest about a quarter of a mile and came to a low mound covered with flat stones. Digging down about a foot and a half they came to a quantity of charred bones intermixed with charcoal and bits of lime. The pieces were gathered up and put in a tin box and brought to this city Monday, by Sheriff Cobb. On being examined by a physician, they were pronounced human bones. There were fragments of a rib and skull. Five years ago, Gabrielle Labelle, an inmate of the Togus Home, disappeared mysteriously. The last seen of him he was going toward the woods in question with another individual whose name is known. Shortly before he had received a considerable sum of pension money. At the time, he had received two hundred dollars on his person. It is believed that the murderer murdered Labelle, and that he was led into the woods, murdered and robbed, the murderer afterwards attempting to destroy the body. The fellow supposed to be the murderer, but whose name we do not now recall, left the Home, and has not since been heard from. Labelle belonged in Montreal and has a sister living there. A petition is now before the Probate Court of Kennebec County, for the appointment of the public Administrator on Labelle's estate.

MAINE BRED HORSES. Among the many Maine bred horses which have made their first appearances on the track this season, none has made a better record or been more admired than the seven year old gelding Ferd S., bred and owned by F. S. Storer, Yarmouth. This horse is a deep bay, fifteen hands three, and in trotting condition, weighs about 1000 lbs. With only six weeks' training at the hands of Ira F. Woodbury of Deering, and never having been on the track or in a race before, he went from Lewiston and entered in two classes. The first race he lost, but in the second won the third, fourth and fifth heats, best time being 2.36¼. From there he was sent to Rochester, N. H., where he won two races, one being the last three of six heats trotted, the best time being 2.38. His staying qualities are surprising, and he seems to gain courage and speed the greater the number of heats trotted. This horse by Godfrey's Paichen, dam a mare by General Knox, thus making him half brother to Hopeful, is already entered at Saugus and Lawrence, Mass. With judicious training we may look for increase of speed another year.

Capt. J. H. Drew of Farmingdale, is commander of the ship "Sea Witch," which recently made the voyage from New York to Australia. It had a rough passage, and Capt. Drew writes that his cabin was not free from water for eighty-one days. The following is from the Melbourne *Argus* of Sept. 4:

"The 'Sea Witch,'" an American clipper from New York, got up to the anchorage yesterday. She entered the Heads on Thursday last, after a very fair passage, considering the stormy weather she encountered. The ship left New York on June 5, and was 33 days to the equator, which was crossed in lon. 34 deg. W. She had to encounter heavy gales from the S.E. and fell in with westerly winds off the River Plate. The meridian of the Cape of Good Hope was crossed on the 61st day out, in lat. 42 deg. S., crossing the Australian Bight, Ocean, the ship was encompassed by a succession of heavy gales from N., shifting round to W., and back again. There was also a high, dangerous sea, which made clean breaches over all, to the detriment of deck gear. Of this, a good deal was washed overboard. The longitude of Cape Leuwin was crossed on the 84th day out, with the wind blowing a hurricane from the westward, and the barometer down to 29. Cape Otway was passed at midnight on the 3d inst. The ship, notwithstanding her rough treatment from the elements, has come into port clean, and in very creditable order.

MRS. JANE OVERLOCK died at Nobleboro', on Saturday, in the great age of 94 years. With the exception of being slightly hard of hearing, she retained all her natural faculties up to within a month of her death. For seventy years she had lived on the same farm where she died. Sixty years ago she was baptized and united with the Baptist church, of which she was born honored and worthy member. The clergyman who conducted the funeral, naturally related, in some measure, the wonderful events that had occurred in the long lifetime of this lady. Mrs. Overlock was grandmother to Mr. A. D. Weeks, foreman in the *Farmer* office.

OFFICIAL RETURNS FROM OHIO. The official Ohio returns are all in, and the footings as computed by the Secretary of State are as follows:

For Secretary of State—Robinson, rep., 391,599; Newman, dem., 380,375; Morris, prohib., 9687; Herald, greenback, 3380.

For Supreme Judge—Johnson, rep., 392,917; Mastin, dem., 378,362; Rosebrough, prohib., 9687; Gr. gas, greenback, 3,760.

For Member of Board of Public Works—Fleckinger, rep., 389,985; Bentley, dem., 376,803; Korkendel, prohib., 9064; Ogden, greenback, 3637.

The Greely Party.

Commodore Schely has submitted to the Secretary of the Navy, his report on the Greely expedition. Much of the information contained therein has already been published, but many interesting details are given. The Commodore graphically describes the voyage of the three vessels composing the expedition, and the circumstances attending the finding of the surviving members of the Greely party. Lieut. Greely was found in his sleeping bag, his body inclined forward and head resting on course would amount simply to giving his left hand. The Book of Common Prayer was open and held in his right hand. He appeared to be reading the prayers to Private Connell, whose condition was most desperate and critical. He was cold and had lost all sensation of hunger; he was also speechless and almost breathless; his eyes were fixed and glassy. Indeed, the commodore says, his weakness was such that it was with difficulty that he swallowed the stimulants given by Drs. Green and Amos. His jaws had dropped, his heart was barely beating, and his body temperature very low. It under scenes of helplessness, almost, of an officer consoling a dying companion, was, in itself, one that brought tears to the eyes of the strongest and stoutest of those who stood about them on that mournful day; and when released, Sergeants Brainard and Fredericks, and Hospital Steward Bierdbeck were extremely weak and hardly able to stand. Poor Sergeant Ellison was found in his sleeping bag, where he had lain helpless and hopeless for months, with his hands and feet frozen.

Strapped to one of the stumps was found a spoon, which some companion had secured there to enable him to feed himself. His physical condition otherwise appeared to be the best of any of the survivors, and this may be attributed to the fact that each of his companions had doled out to him from their small allowance of food, something to help him, on account of his complete helplessness. Lieut. Greely was, physically, the weakest, but mentally, the most vigorous of his party. He had been in his sleeping bag for weeks, on account of his gradually failing strength. He was unable to stand alone for any length of time, and was almost helpless, except in a sitting posture. All pangs of hunger had ceased, and his appearance was wild; his hair was long and unkempt, his face and hands were covered with sooty, black dirt, his body was scantily covered with worn out clothes, his face was wasted, his joints swollen and his eyes sunken. His first inquiry was if they were not Englishmen, but when told that we were his own countrymen, he paused a moment, as if reflecting, and then said, "And I am glad to see you." The condition of his camp was in keeping with the scene inside the tent, desperate and desolate. The bleak barrenness of the spot, over which the wild Arctic winds blew, and the row of graves on the little ridge, which filled the way with the protruding heads and feet of those lately buried, were sad, but silent witnesses of the daily increasing horrors of the little band of survivors; the deserted winter quarters in the hollow below, with its broken wall invaded by water from the melting snow and ice above it; the dead bodies of two companions stretched on the ice that remained; the scattered and worn out clothes and sleeping bags of the dead; the absence of all food, save a few cups full of boiled sealskins; the wild and weird scene of the smooth ice and the glacies overlooking and overhanging the desert camp, complete a picture as startling as it was impressive.

The report describes exhuming the bodies of the dead and method of their identification and preparation for transportation to St. Johns. While preparing the bodies it was found that six of them, Lieut. Kislingburg, Sergts. Jewell and Rolston, Privates Whistler, Henry and Ellis, had been cut and the fleshy parts removed to a greater or less extent, but all the other bodies were found intact. When the bodies of the dead were exposed in preparing them, identification was found to be comparatively easy, and if the Greely party continues, "could be recognized by the aid of a picture taken with us from home; others, whose features had decayed, were identified by other characteristics. I am satisfied that no mistake was made in this important matter which so impressed us from the beginning."

Commodore Schely speaks highly of the Dundee whalers, to whom he was indebted for much valuable information. The officers and crews of the expedition are also greatly praised and Lieutenant Kislingburg, commander of the Bear, being especially mentioned. "The success of the expedition," the Commodore says in conclusion, "was made possible by the munificence of Congress and of the Secretaries of War and the Navy." The total cost of the expedition was $75,000.

THE ELECTION. The National election takes place on Tuesday next. The following are the candidates for electors in this State:

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES.

At large—John S. Case, Rockland.
Weston F. Milliken, Portland.

First district—Charles M. Moses, Biddeford.

Second district—J. G. Richardson, Bath.

Third district—Abner Coburn, Skowhegan.

Fourth district—C. F. A. Johnson, Presque Isle.

DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATES.

At Large—Archibald McNichol, Calais.
Charles Mccarty, Portland.

First district—Timothy Shaw, Jr., Biddeford.

Second district—Alfred Lebrox, Wiscasset.

Third district—Charles B. Heseltine, Belfast.

Fourth district—Joseph F. Snow, Bangor.

PROHIBITION CANDIDATES.

At Large—John S. White, Portland.
Parker H. Oliver. Bath.

First district—Samuel F. Pearson, Portland.

Second district—Moses M. Richards, Waldoboro.

Third district—John H. Marrow, Winthrop.

Fourth district—David DeWitt, Presque Isle.

PEOPLE'S CANDIDATE.

At Large—Benjamin F. Green, Auburn.
Fred A. Alden. Union.

First district—Edmund Goodwin, South Berwick.

Second district—Washington Gilbert, Bath.

Third district—Howard F. Mason, Belfast.

Fourth district—Levi B. Patten, Bangor.

REMARKABLE RECOGNITION. A remarkable case of the recognition of the dead occurred during the recent tour of Col. Herbert E. Hill over the battlefields of the Shenandoah Valley. It appears that five members of the Eighth Vermont Volunteers, friends of Col. Hill, had never been accounted for—that is, they were killed at the battle of Opequan, but their bodies were not recovered. For 20 years these members of Gen. Thomas' old regiment have rested in unknown graves, but through the perseverance of Col. Hill every one of the bodies has now been recovered and interred in the national cemetery at Winchester, Va. Accompanied by Sheridan's old master wagoner and two ex-Confederates who fought in that battle. Col. Hill went to the spot where he remembered that his companions were shot. The Southern veterans, after digging awhile, found the remains of the five bodies, the bones, hair, brass parts of the accoutrements and bits of blue blouses alone remaining. The remains were carefully reinterred. In the breast bone of one was lodged the bullet which caused his death; while just inside a hole in another skull lay the bullet, which, after two decades, tells the story of a soldier's death.

S. E. G. TWITCHES of West Dresden, Me., has a carload (10 tons) of extracted honey enroute from California. This honey is of a fine quality, and those wishing to avail themselves of this sweet opportunity will do well to address him at once. Mr. M. Segars, formerly of Dresden, Maine, is the producer. Mr. T. has sojourned in Southern California for two years, and is very much pleased with country and climate.

It is now hinted that Payson Tucker's visit to Europe is with a view of conferring with leading British capitalists, in reference to making Bar Harbor Ferry the delivery port of the ocean line of steamers. The plan is to tap the European travel and freight traffic.

The Old Quaker Poet.

At the boarding school of the New England yearly meeting of Friends, in Providence, R. I., on Thursday morning, the Whittier anniversary was celebrated by the presentation of a portrait of the poet by Charles F. Coffin, of Lynn, Mass. Mr. Coffin was a pupil at the school fifty years ago, and later a teacher, and then a commissioner, which office he still holds. The gift of Whittier's portrait was the result of a desire to give to the institution a lasting memorial of the grand old Quaker poet. The portrait was painted by Edgar Parker, of Boston, the artist who painted Charles Sumner. It is of life-size, representing Mr. Whittier sitting in an arm chair in an attitude of peaceful thought. The picture has been hung in the alumni hall, where the exercises of the day were held. The exercises opened with silent prayer, after which, without formality, Principal Jones introduced the orator of the day, Thomas Chase, L.L. D., President of the Haverford College. In the afternoon, at the meeting of the Alumni, the following letter was read from Mr. Whitter:

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I have vouched an ago when flattery ceases to d ceive and notoriety is a burden, and the faint shadow of literary reputation casts no more than the shadow of life; but a genuine token of love and good will has no limitations of time, and is never out of place. I scarcely need, therefore, to say, that I highly appreciate the g nerous compliment paid by my much valued friend in placing my portrait in the old and honored institution under thy charge. I confess that the first impulse of my heart on receiving such a generous and obliging, as I looked back on a life, not, indeed without honest endeavor, yet marked by many weaknesses and errors, was one of humility. The gift of my friend testifies our common interest in the Friends' school and a testimonial to its founders, and if it shall serve to remind them and others of the high and holy purpose worthy of commendation in the life of its original in due, nos to himself, but to the Divine Providence which surrounded his spirit and strengthened his manhood, I shall be more than satisfied.

I need not say to thee that, although I am a Quaker by birthright and by early Puritanic associations, I am no sectarian in the strict sense of the term. My sympathies are with the broad church of humanity, Nevertheless I am not to be "hung in effigy" he may have some choice as to the place of execution, and it goes far in reconciling me to my own fate to know that the ceremony, in which I must be a passive participant, will be performed in a hall of learning of the Society of Friends. I am, very truly, thy friend,

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"Was not the squall which you passed through, a very unusual one for such high latitude?"

"Yes; I never encountered such a hurricane before in north Atlantic voyages. The storm was a regular cyclone, and was what sailors call a revolving gale. Such storms are frequently encountered in tropical regions. They are peculiar on account of the sudden changes in the direction of the wind, and the calms which prevail just before the approach of the squall. We must have passed through the very centre of the cyclone. A remarkable incident of the storm was the extraordinary variations of the the barometer, which I observed during the gale. In four hours the barometer fell from 30.35 inches to 28.55, and then rose quickly to 30.70."

The Martha Cobb is a full rigged ship, owned by Francis Cobb of Rockland, Me., and has 1,339 tons registry. She was built in 1879, and had been furnished with a new outfit of sail. She is now lying in the bay off Stapleton. She will remain in port some time for repairs, after discharging her cargo.

A BOAT FOR THE EXPOSITION. Mr. H. B. Maynard of Bangor, an experienced batteau builder, has just completed a very fine batteau, which is to be taken to the New Orleans Exposition. The boat for beauty of model, style and workmanship is not excelled by any ever built on the Penobscot river. It is 34 feet long on the top and 32 feet long on the bottom. Its extreme width is 28 inches and it is 30 inches high on the flare. It is fitted up in a perfect manner with cars, paddles and cant dogs and everything that is used in a river boat. It is made of the finest quality of pine, without a knot or shake, with knees of oak. The oars are made of spruce and the paddles of maple. The later articles were made by Mr. D. Andrews, of Bangor, and the cant dogs are from Ramona Peavey make. The bottom and two lower streaks of the boat are painted vermillion red, and the top streaks are painted chrome yellow. The cost of the batteau alone was fifty-five dollars and the outfit to accompany it cost twenty-five dollars. The total weight will be 350 pounds. The whole thing was gotten up to represent an ordinary log driver's boat fully rigged for operation. There will probably be no boat exhibited at New Orleans that will attract more attention than this. After it has been exhibited there it will probably grace the waters of the Mississippi, and will without doubt be the first craft of the kind ever seen in that section.

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Day Breaking, Perhaps.

The Mormon church has just been defeated in one of the most important trials ever had in Utah. Rudger Clawson, a son of the noted Bishop, Hiram Clawson, was indicted at Salt Lake City for unlawful marriage and criminal cohabitation. He had had two wives within a month, the second ending with a verdict of guilty last Saturday. The Mormon hierarchy accepted this as a test case, and every effort was made to cause it to fail and so bring the United States statute into contempt. As soon as the indictment was found, the memorial of the grand old Quaker poet. The portrait was painted by Edgar Parker, of Boston, the artist who painted Charles Sumner. It is of life-size, representing Mr. Whittier sitting in an arm chair in an attitude of peaceful thought. The picture has been hung in the alumni hall, where the exercises of the day were held. The exercises opened with silent prayer, after which, without formality, Principal Jones introduced the orator of the day, Thomas Chase, L.L. D., President of the Haverford College. In the afternoon, at the meeting of the Alumni, the following letter was read from Mr. Whitter:

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For the Maine Farmer.

Jottings by the Way.

The "Osalpee Towns" so called, towns between and bordering on the Osalpee and Little Osalpee rivers are among the best in York county, especially for stock and fruit. I have also found some very excellent crops of corn, some of which may be reported in due time. If weeks, instead of days in each town, could be spent in taking notes, and whole broadsides of the good old *Farmer*, instead of only parts of a column, occupied in reports of the same, perhaps something like justice might be done to the farming interests of the country through which your correspondent passes.

My first welcome as I passed from Cumberland into York county, was from J. M. Pease, Cornish, who had both kind wishes and a little money for the "*Maine Farmer* man" who was a stranger in the county, both of which, under the circumstances, were highly appreciated. A social dinner was also enjoyed at his house. Cornish village is among the most thriving villages in the county.

Thoroughbred Durham stock was introduced into this town some years since by Mr. B. F. Pease.

D. C. Pike has a herd of A. J. C. C. Jerseys.

Some Hereford bulls have been brought into town by B. T. Haley and others.

Loring Boothby has recently bought a thoroughbred Hereford bull from the herd of Albion Towle, Parsonsfield, which I understand is kept at the farm of his father, B. R. Boothby, Limerick.

Willis Warren, one of the enterprising young farmers in town, keeps a large stock of cattle, having a daily milk route at the village.

A pleasant home for a night was found at the house of B. F. Haley, one of the prominent farmers of the town, where the *Maine Farmer* has been a regular visitant, and where it is highly appreciated by all the members of an intelligent family.

Kindly entertainment was also found at the houses of Ex. Guptill and D. Morrill. Pleasant calls were made upon Roscoe C. Smith, Jas. Ayer & Son, N. W. Adams, P. W. Gerrish and many others.

N. H. Churchill and Albion Towle, Parsonsfield, were pioneers in the introduction of thoroughbred Hereford stock into town. Mr. Towle is in business in Massachusetts, and has sold his farm and stock.

Some four years since, Mr. Churchill bought four imported cows and a bull of Bodwell & Burleigh. Besides the imported cows he now has ten head, two 2 years old heifers, one yearling heifer, two bulls 1 year old, two heifer calves and two bull calves, all his own breeding, a nice herd some of which are for sale at reasonable prices. Mr. Churchill has made a financial success of the business, besides greatly benefiting the stock in all the region round about. He has a small flock of thoroughbred Southdown sheep, four buck lambs among the number. He would sell a part or all the flock.

O. B. Churchill has two very nice stock cows half Hereford, also two heifers three-fourths Hereford bred to a thoroughbred. He has one heifer and one bull calf, both nice animals. Ernest Wadleigh has two good calves, a heifer and bull.

Robt. Merrill keeps a stock of from twenty to twenty-five head mostly ¾ to ⅞ Hereford. He now has six cows, one pair steers 3 years old, four pairs 2 years old, one pair yearlings and four calves, three of which are bulls, for sale.

A pleasant dinner hour was spent at the house of T. S. Churchill, who probably has the best set of farm buildings in town. He has a good grass farm and keeps about twenty head of cattle, mostly one half or more Hereford.

Silas M. Boothby showed me a very nice shaped growthy heifer calf, half Hereford, four feet seven or eight fuet in the line.

F. S. Cram has a nice pair of bull calves one half Hereford, 4½ feet when only about six months old. A pair from the same cows last year sold for $100.

Mr. Cram is a good farmer and keeps a good stock, Durham and Hereford cross. They showed me a bull calf, a very nice animal, and large of his age. Kindly entertainment was enjoyed at the houses of S. Frost and S. F. Piper.

There are many good orchards in Parsonsfield; among those noticed by your correspondent were those of Gilman Lougee, Chase Boothby and Jos. Wilson.

H. Cook, Porter, recently bought of Albion Towle, Parsonsfield, one 9 years old cow, and two 3 years old heifers, very high grade if not full blood Herefords, all very nice animals, one of the heifers girthing nearly or quite six feet. The cow has a bull calf by her side, about six months old, sired by the bull now owned by Mr. Boothby, Cornish, very nearly perfect in shape and color. At the time of my call, one of the heifers had just dropped a nice heifer calf; the other was due to calve in a few days.

C. S. A.

York County, Oct. 1884.

For the Maine Farmer.

Jottings by Our Correspondent.

I was at the town fair in South Norridgewock, and was pleased with the show. There was some very good stock present. I spent a Sabbath with Freeman Andrews, a minister of the Society of Friends, who believes in the good Book, being "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He has a nice congregation of second-day Friends at Norridgewock, a beautiful farming community in Smithfield, some three miles from Norridgewock village. They have a nice house of worship, and a good Sabbath school of bright-eyed children. Freeman Andrews has a nice farm. B. Tompkins,

nnebec County News.

ple of Hallowell are favorable ion of liberal means towards nufacturing company there. encourage them in the continu- ir business.

ger Engine Co., 30 men, of Hal- e handsomely entertained in Thursday, by the Androscoggin of that village. The day in- nquet at the fair house, at noon. d trial of engines in the afte- er and grand ball in the evening. ade by the Hallowell tub was 166 che, one inch more than that of scoggins. The boys report a me.

glad to learn that R. B. Cald- diner, editor of the Kennebec rapidly recovering from the ical operation he underwent a go.

annah J. Bailey of Baileyville, has arrived home from her trip

During her absence she has ries of very interesting letters throp *Budget*. She is a lady ttainments and philanthropic

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Lewis H. Packard of Yale Col- Sunday, at his residence in New Doune, of consumption.——The e of the Boston *Herald* staff, a wide- newspaper man, died Wednesday s residence, Charlestown, Mass., s disease. He was born on an eanor during a passage from wn to New York in 1841. In joined the staff of the Boston which paper he served in vari- editorial capacities.

Register of Deeds at Farming- Tuesday forenoon of Bright's dis- Wilbur F. Story, proprietor of the Times, died Monday night.

Items of Maine News.

The process of taking salmon eggs at the Orland hatching works has begun.

Mrs. Joseph Gilmore of Orono, a French lady, 37 years old, dropped dead Monday, of heart disease.

Herbert W. Leach of Penobscot, is lecturing on his experiences during his Arctic voyages.

There is a scarcity of water in many parts of the State, and manufacturers are hauling water to run their boilers.

Adna Sloan, aged 30 years, son of Alexander Sloan of Albany, was found dead in bed Thursday morning, of heart disease.

On Thursday morning, Mrs. Whitmore of Boothbay, attempted to commit suicide by drowning, but was seen and rescued.

Gov. Robie was present and took part in the ceremonies of unveiling the soldiers' monument in Waterbury, Conn., Thursday.

Moses Emerson of Auburn, while blasting near Littlefield's tavern, Friday, was struck by a falling rock. He died that evening, aged 70.

A farmer in Littleton, is a loser of some four hundred dollars, abstracted recently by an adopted son, whose whereabouts is at present unknown.

Abraham W. Johnson, dealer in pumps, etc., was found in the road near North Farmington, Friday afternoon. His death was probably instant and caused by heart disease. His age was 60 years.

While Mr. John R. Gore of Bridgton, was hunting in East Denmark, his gun slipped on a rock and was discharged, the heavy charge entering Mr. Gore's groin and abdomen. The case is a serious one.

Joseph F. Betts of Brewer, went to Bangor, became intoxicated, and on going home walked off the railroad bridge into the river. He was rescued by parties who heard his cries.

The Kennebec Framing company, Fairfield, have just filled orders for the frames of four large skating rinks, which have required about 750,000 feet of lumber, worth $20,000, exclusive of labor.

List of patents issued to Maine inventors for the week ending Oct. 21: H. O. Ward, Thorndike, hay press; W. F. Williams, Belfast, stove jointing machine; April 1, to E. Sumner Design—W. D. Stinson, Augusta, badge.

The engine built for the domed steamer Meteor by the Goss Iron Works in Bath, will be in position and ready to start up in a day or two. The engine has been built upon the triple expansion plan and is the first one constructed in this country.

A vigorous move is being made to extend the Somerset railroad from Anson through Solon to Bingham, a distance of 16 miles. If this should be done it would bring cars within 12 miles of the slate quarry in that town, with a road from there to the depot.

Mrs. George Veazey, who died at Jerse City, N. J., on Monday from the effects of severe burns, charged her husband with deliberately pouring oil upon her and setting it on fire. Veazey has been arrested.

John Gallagher was struck by an express train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, in Wilkesbarre, Pa., Thursday afternoon, and instantly killed. He was the person who murdered young Van Loom, in Plymouth, in 1874, and served six years in the penitentiary.

Samuel J. Tilden's stable at Greystone, N. Y., was burned Sunday night. His horses and carriages were saved, but the other contents were destroyed. Loss, $15,000; no insurance. Mr. Tilden's wife and family occupied apartments in the building, and had a narrow escape.

The single scull race between Teemer and Gaudaur, for $500 a side, three miles with a turn, Teemer to allow Gaudaur five seconds a start, was rowed at Crevecour Lake, near St. Louis, Saturday afternoon. Rain fell steadily during the day, and until half an hour prior to the race, and it was declared a draw. It will be rowed again next week.

John Stonebeck, aged 61 years, a well-known farmer, worth about $60,000, committed suicide at Minton, Pa., on Friday, by blowing himself with a seven-shooter in his barn. He was in arrears with his taxes, and the collector was in Stonebeck's house, waiting for him to come in. He did not wait to face him, and therefore committed suicide.

Mrs. Annie Logan at Philadelphia, aged 28, killed her three year old boy and herself. She gave the little fellow laudanum, causing a violent death, and then turning on the gas so that its escape would suffocate her and laid down to die. Letters left by her indicate that poverty and the desertion of her husband led her to the crimes.

William C. Williams, the New Haven engineer who took Heding Hope, a young German girl, from an intelligence office to New Haven and then accomplished her ruin, and robbed him of a watch and a small amount of money. He was dangerously injured. No clue.

Friday noon, Mr. Moses Emerson of Auburn, was killed by a stone from a blast which he was firing. He was engaged in blasting, and on firing a blast ran behind a building for protection. A fragment of rock thrown into the air went over the building, striking, struck him on the back of his head.

A special town meeting was held in Brunswick, to see about buying a new clock and bell for the new town hall, to take the place of those recently destroyed by fire, also to build an armory for the artillery company. Fifteen hundred dollars was raised for the clock and bell, and $1000 for the armory.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chambers, who reside in Northfield, near Machias, have had 23 children, and 18 of them are now living. Mr. Chambers is 63 and Mrs. Chambers 78 years of age. They preserve their full faculties, are vigorous and continue to work hard on their farm. Mrs. Chambers does her own housework, is an excellent cook, and is noted for her hospitality.

Dr. Benj. Williams of Rockland, was recently appointed to the board of trustees of the soldiers' and sailors' orphan asylum, at Bath. Last week, Dr. Williams made his first official visit in connection with the other trustees. Mrs. Williams accompanied her husband, and both were much interested in this beneficent institution, which has been maintained by the aid of the State.

Saturday afternoon while Mr. Cummings Rogers and William Blaney were at work on a new house owned by the former at Woodford's, the staging gave way, hurling Hasmay to the ground, a distance of twenty feet. Mr. Rogers was thrown to one side, and managed to cling with one arm to a bracket, remaining in that position until a ladder was brought to his aid. Ramsay, striking on his back, was badly bruised and shaken up. Rogers was somewhat bruised.

Thursday night, about midnight, a stranger went into a liquor saloon near the Grand Trunk railroad at Portland, and asked for a drink. Being refused, he drew a knife and slashed the bartender, John Harcrow, in the neck, cutting a serious gash

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Gov. Robie was present and took part in the ceremonies of unveiling the soldiers' monument in Waterbury, Conn., Thursday.

Moses Emerson of Auburn, while blasting near Littlefield's tavern, Friday, was struck by a falling rock. He died that evening, aged 70.

A farmer in Littleton, is a loser of some four hundred dollars, abstracted recently by an adopted son, whose whereabouts is at present unknown.

Abraham W. Johnson, dealer in pumps, etc., was found in the road near North Farmington, Friday afternoon. His death was probably instant and caused by heart disease. His age was 60 years.

While Mr. John R. Gore of Bridgton, was hunting in East Denmark, his gun slipped on a rock and was discharged, the heavy charge entering Mr. Gore's groin and abdomen. The case is a serious one.

Joseph F. Betts of Brewer, went to Bangor, became intoxicated, and on going home walked off the railroad bridge into the river. He was rescued by parties who heard his cries.

The Kennebec Framing company, Fairfield, have just filled orders for the frames of four large skating rinks, which have required about 750,000 feet of lumber, worth $20,000, exclusive of labor.

List of patents issued to Maine inventors for the week ending Oct. 21: H. O. Ward, Thorndike, hay press; W. F. Williams, Belfast, stove jointing machine; April 1, to E. Sumner Design—W. D. Stinson, Augusta, badge.

The engine built for the domed steamer Meteor by the Goss Iron Works in Bath, will be in position and ready to start up in a day or two. The engine has been built upon the triple expansion plan and is the first one constructed in this country.

A vigorous move is being made to extend the Somerset railroad from Anson through Solon to Bingham, a distance of 16 miles. If this should be done it would bring cars within 12 miles of the slate quarry in that town, with a road from there to the depot.

Mrs. George Veazey, who died at Jerse City, N. J., on Monday from the effects of severe burns, charged her husband with deliberately pouring oil upon her and setting it on fire. Veazey has been arrested.

John Gallagher was struck by an express train on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, in Wilkesbarre, Pa., Thursday afternoon, and instantly killed. He was the person who murdered young Van Loom, in Plymouth, in 1874, and served six years in the penitentiary.

Samuel J. Tilden's stable at Greystone, N. Y., was burned Sunday night. His horses and carriages were saved, but the other contents were destroyed. Loss, $15,000; no insurance. Mr. Tilden's wife and family occupied apartments in the building, and had a narrow escape.

The single scull race between Teemer and Gaudaur, for $500 a side, three miles with a turn, Teemer to allow Gaudaur five seconds a start, was rowed at Crevecour Lake, near St. Louis, Saturday afternoon. Rain fell steadily during the day, and until half an hour prior to the race, and it was declared a draw. It will be rowed again next week.

John Stonebeck, aged 61 years, a well-known farmer, worth about $60,000, committed suicide at Minton, Pa., on Friday, by blowing himself with a seven-shooter in his barn. He was in arrears with his taxes, and the collector was in Stonebeck's house, waiting for him to come in. He did not wait to face him, and therefore committed suicide.

Mrs. Annie Logan at Philadelphia, aged 28, killed her three year old boy and herself. She gave the little fellow laudanum, causing a violent death, and then turning on the gas so that its escape would suffocate her and laid down to die. Letters left by her indicate that poverty and the desertion of her husband led her to the crimes.

William C. Williams, the New Haven engineer who took Heding Hope, a young German girl, from an intelligence office to New Haven and then accomplished her ruin, and robbed him of a watch and a small amount of money. He was dangerously injured. No clue.

Friday noon, Mr. Moses Emerson of Auburn, was killed by a stone from a blast which he was firing. He was engaged in blasting, and on firing a blast ran behind a building for protection. A fragment of rock thrown into the air went over the building, striking, struck him on the back of his head.

A special town meeting was held in Brunswick, to see about buying a new clock and bell for the new town hall, to take the place of those recently destroyed by fire, also to build an armory for the artillery company. Fifteen hundred dollars was raised for the clock and bell, and $1000 for the armory.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chambers, who reside in Northfield, near Machias, have had 23 children, and 18 of them are now living. Mr. Chambers is 63 and Mrs. Chambers 78 years of age. They preserve their full faculties, are vigorous and continue to work hard on their farm. Mrs. Chambers does her own housework, is an excellent cook, and is noted for her hospitality.

Dr. Benj. Williams of Rockland, was recently appointed to the board of trustees of the soldiers' and sailors' orphan asylum, at Bath. Last week, Dr. Williams made his first official visit in connection with the other trustees. Mrs. Williams accompanied her husband, and both were much interested in this beneficent institution, which has been maintained by the aid of the State.

Saturday afternoon while Mr. Cummings Rogers and William Blaney were at work on a new house owned by the former at Woodford's, the staging gave way, hurling Hasmay to the ground, a distance of twenty feet. Mr. Rogers was thrown to one side, and managed to cling with one arm to a bracket, remaining in that position until a ladder was brought to his aid. Ramsay, striking on his back, was badly bruised and shaken up. Rogers was somewhat bruised.

Items of General News.

Nov. 6 is Thanksgiving Day in Canada.

Lord Dufferin's salary as Viceroy of India is $125,000.

The Third Police in Boston have arrested a dangerous set of thieves.

Milwaukee, Mich. had a $200,000 blaze, on Thursday night, burning an immense dry goods establishment.

It is reported that Khartowa is surrounded by 100,000 rebels, who hope to secure Gen. Gordon and his forces.

Over $4,000 have already been subscribed for the Montreal ice carnival of 1885, which promises to excel any previously held.

The examiner-in-chief of the pension office at Washington has rendered a decision in favor of the Bell Telephone.

The total number of deaths in Genoa pronounced from cholera, from the first outbreak to September 24th, was 617.

Mary Edson of New York, has appointed Gen. Fitz John Porter, Police Commissioner in place of Sidney P. Nichols, deceased.

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Editor's Table.

The November number of the *Magazine of Art* closes the volume for the year with unusual attractions. The frontispiece of the number is from Mr. F. A. Bridgeman's last salon picture, "The Bath at Home, Cairo," and is very suggestive of that artist's gorgeous oriental coloring. This picture accompanies an article on "The American Salon," by W. C. Brownell, who was until he left this country for Europe, the art critic of the *New York World*. Mr. Brownell is an admirable critic and he has a fruitful subject. The pictures our painters exhibit in the salon are often their most striking work. Mr. Sargent and Mr. Dannat have both made their successes in the *Salon*. This article is profusely illustrated. The "Portrait of a Lady," by Wyatt Eaton, is capitally reproduced and shows that Mr. Eaton is improving on work which was the best of its kind when he left here some months ago. Mr. Richard Heath continues his entertaining and amusing papers on "Head-gear in the Fifteenth Century" with their droll cuts. A complete record of the art news of the month, both in Europe and America, will be found in its usual place in the Magazine.—CASSELL & COMPANY, New York.

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The Markets.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Oct 28, 1884.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 537; sheep and lambs, 9290; fat swine 23 500; Horses 144.

Prices of beef cattle per 100lbs., live weight: Extra quality, 6 50 @ 7 35; first @6 37½ @ 6 37½; second @4 75 @ 5 25½; third, $4 00 @ 4 62½; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $2 00 @ 3 75.

Brighton Hides, heavy—7½@8c per lb.

Brighton Tallow—8½@8c per lb.

Country Hides—Light ones, 6¼@7c lb.; heavy, 7c@7½ per lb.

Country Tallow—3½@4c per lb.

Calf Skins—10@11c per lb.

Sheared Sheep skins—40@60c.

Lamb Skins—60@85c. each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

	By Number	Ibs. live wt.	Pr. per 100 lbs.	Live Average weight
A. N. Monroe	15	6 15	"	1369
do	18	6 30	"	1319
do	20	6 80	"	1449
do	35	6 80	"	1257
do	15	5 75	"	1207
do	15	5 30	"	1271
do	8	6 00	"	1200
Farrell & McFlynn	11	5 50	"	1125
do	10	5 25	"	1150
do	8	6 00	"	1250
do	8	6 87½	"	1340
do	8	5 50	"	1075

The supply of Western cattle brought into market the past week has been the lightest of that in any one week for a long time past. The demands for cattle, either for the export or butchers' trade, has been very light. What few cattle there were brought in from the West were of fair to good grade as those brought in one week ago, but there were but few buyers in market and prices were lower upon all grades and qualities principally from $5 50 @ 6 80 per 100 weight for those sold to butchers.

SHEEP AND LAMBS. Those from the West were nearly all owned by Hollis & Co. and are coming from 5 ½@6c per lb. live weight landed at the slaughter houses this week. Those from the Canadas and Maine were nearly all consigned to butchers, a few hundred head only being taken for the export trade.

SWINE. Western Fat Hogs are lower this week, costing landed at the slaughter houses from 5 ½@6c. per lb. live weight. The supply brought in for the week has been large, all owned by butchers and taken direct to the slaughter houses from the cars.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Oct. 28.

FLOUR. There is a firm feeling for Flour, but the demand for some days has has been moderate. We quote Western Superfine at $2 55@3 00; common extras at 3 00@3 50 and Minnesota extras $3 75@4 50 per bbl, including choice bakers' brand. Winter wheats have been in demand, with sales at 4 50@4 25 for stone and 4 00@4 50 for roller Michigan; 4 25@4 75 for Ohio and Indiana, and 4 50@5 00 for St. Louis and Illinois. Patent Spring Wheats have been selling at $5 25 @5 90; including choice new at $6 Patent Winter Wheat at $5 00 @ 5 25 including choice brands. In Corn Meal sales at 2 80@3 00 per bb. Rye flour sells in small lots at $3 50 @4 25 per bbl. Oat Meal in demand and sales at $4 00@4 90 for Western, and 5 25@6 00 per bbl. for Akron.

GRAIN. The market for corn has been quiet since our last and prices remain about the same. The sales of steamer mixed have been at 55½ @57; steamer yellow at 60c, for high mixed, 63 @ 64c, and no grade at 60@65c per bush. Oats have been in fair demand. We quote sales of No. 1 and extra white at 36@37c; No. 2 white at 34½@35c; No. 3 white at 33½@34 and mixed at 33½@34c. per bush. In Rye the sales have been small at 70@73c per bush. Shorts have been selling at 15 50@16 50; and Fine Feed and Middlings at $18 00@22 00 per ton. Cotton Seed Meal sells at $27 00@30.

PROVISIONS. Pork packing at New York has been quite active the past week, the returns amounting to 150,000 and with a steady demand. Sales of prime at $13@13 50; mess at $17 @ 17 50; clear and backs at $18 00 @20 00 per bbl. Beef has been selling at $11 00@13 00 for mess and extra mess, and $13 50@14 50 for family and plate. Lard has been in fair demand and sales have been at 8¼@8½c per lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams have been in steady demand and sales at 13 @ 14c per lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE. The demand for Butter has been moderate during the week but choice grades are firm and at full prices. Northern and Western Creameries have been at 28@31 for fine, and fancy lots higher. 20@27 for good to choice. Franklin county dairy at 27 @28. New York and Vermont dairies at 23 @25 for choice and 15@16 for fair and good and 10@15c, for common. Western dairy at 18@20c for choice, imitation creamery at 18@20 and fair to moderate dozens

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Hope.

BY F. A. G.

The autumn leaves fall one by one;
Thus every day at set of sun,
Are loved and cherished ones laid low.
We grieve for them! We start to hear their step
Upon the threshold of the open door!
Then mournfully a whisper comes,
They'll come no more—no more.

In dreams we see departed forms,
We meet them once again!
'Tis sweet to be where love and songs were ours,
Where they in life have been.
Oh stay, sweet dream! but no—'tis past;
Too bright the vision was to last;
A wakening whispers softly say:
They are not th re—not there.

Time gives a healing balm to aching hearts;
Earth's sorrows lighten 'gainst the weight of years;
And why? It could not be, were God not near
To banish all our fears.

Oh, blessed hope! we'll meet again!
We'll look beyond these stormy skies,
While Faith, and Hope and Love
Shall guide us day by day,
Till heaven is ours;
Till God shall bid us enter Paradise.

Our Story Teller.

THROUGH A TELEGRAM.

"I'm going to put a stop to this sort of thing!" said Mr. EcElroy. "If I don't I shall certainly come to the poor-house. I haven't saved any all these years to rain it down on people's heads as it it were hailstones. No Dollinds, I haven't got five dollars to spare. Your winter bonnet is quite good enough to wear for a month longer. Everybody else has got their spring suits? Well, if everybody else is fools, that ain't no reason you should be. Six dollars for a sub-scription to help buy the new minister's furniture? Not if I know it, James! Who'n I came to Bloodville I bought my own furniture, and there's no reason that new ministers shouldn't do the same thing. The grocer's book? I never saw anything like the way our housekeeping bills run up! It 'ud be faleal cheaper, so far as I can see, to go to New York and board at the Windsor hotel than to live here, unless you and Sarah can manage a little more economically, Matthew. And as for those singing lessons that Lucy wants to take, you may tell her no!"

"Lucy thought"—meekly began Matthew Starling.

But his uncle interrupted him curtly with: "You may tell her no! And that ends the question."

John McElroy was a man who had, in the local dialect "saved a lot of money". Being a great deal too economical to marry, he had invited his name nephew, Matthew Starling, to come with his family and keep house in the old red homestead, and thereafter he took credit to himself for supporting all the Starlings, although Matthew toiled diligently at his trade of shoe making, and James the eldest son, managed the farm with skill and success, while Mrs. Starling and her two daughters, Lucy and Delinda, were the modest dairy-women and best managers of the vicinity.

In an evil hour Matthew Starling had borrowed a thousand dollars of Uncle John, to pay off an old debt that hung around his neck like a millstone.

He had kept up the interest pretty regularly, and it would have been about as easy for him to pay off the national debt as to discharge an obligation of a thousand dollars; and in this way Uncle McElroy contrived to keep him and his family under his very eye.

Had it not been for this thousand-dollar debt, the Starling family would have crept out from under the harrow of Uncle John's tongue and temper long ago.

"It don't seem as if we could stand it," said Mrs. Starling, plaintively.

"I don't care how much he scolds me," said Delinda, "he has no business to tyrannize so dreadfully over my poor mother."

"If I could only raise money enough to take a quarter's music lessons, I could earn a hundred dollars a year in the church choir," said Lucy.

"If!" said James, laughing. "That's a big word, Loo, tor such a little one. If Uncle John would only let us put a plan a crop of tobacco up in the south field, I am sure I could raise twice as much money as the turnips will bring us. But Uncle John sticks to old notions, and I'm little if stands in the way. I only wish that the farm were mine!"

The conscikeeping book was particularly aggravating that morning; and Mrs. Starling had shed a few quiet tears before the interview was over.

"I hate whining women!" said Mr. McElroy, "and I hate extravagant ones!"

"I try to do the best i can," said poor Mrs. Starling.

And when the book was flung wrathfully on the table, and Mr. McElroy had dismissed his nephew's wife, he sat thinking.

"I'll do it!" he said aloud. I've had it in my mind for some time. I'll send these Starlings about their business. I'll put an end to these everlasting impositions of theirs. They only care for me just the length of my purse. They hate me, every one of 'em. I can see through 'em, dull as they think me!"

As he sat there a little lad came to the door, with a yellow envelop in his hand.

"A telegram for you," said he. "Twenty-five cents, please."

Mechanically, Mr. McElroy paid the money and he put on his round silver-mounted spectacles, as the little lad sped away under the lilac bushes, which were just beginning to put on their fringe of purple plumes.

"I wonder whose it can be from?" said he.

It was very brief. It said:

"Stocks have fallen. Your money is all gone. Sorry, but could not stand against market.

H. RAVEN & Co."

H. Raven & Co. Yes, that was the name of the Nassau-street firm to whose care the diligently-hoarded treasure had been consigned. He read the brief despatch over and over again, as if it were impossible to comprehend its full meaning.

"I don't understand," he repeated to himself—" I don't understand. I thought those stocks were safe enough. I only believed what those sharpers told me themselves! Stocks fallen! my money all gone! Oh, what will become of me now?"

His head fell forward on his folded arms on the window-sill; he uttered a groan which seemed to come from the very depths of his heart.

"I am a poor man!" he faltered. "As poor as old Jim Watson, the clock-mender; as poor as Matthew Starling himself. The savings of years have all gone at once, and I am a poor man!"

"Uncle McElroy, don't mind it," said the cheerful voice of Matthew Starling, when at last he had mastered courage to tell his troubles and to show the telegram. He had supported on his hands at the table, with a face drawn and pinched as if he had just recovered from a long sickness. "I'm doing well at my trade just now. Herbert Long has promised to take me into partnership at his new shoe store, at Bloodville Corners, next spring, and you shall never feel the loss of your money while I can handle an awl or carry a shoulder-strap.

"Never feel the loss of my money!" vaguely repeated McElroy. "The man talks like a fool!"

But, nevertheless, there was a grain of comfort in the words.

"And, after all, Uncle John," consolingly whispered Mrs. Starling, "money isn't everything. You'll see how nicely we shall contrive to live. I'll take a boarder or two, if you don't object, this summer. Your comforts shall not be interfered with in the least degree; and we may even manage to save a little at the year's end."

The tears came into Mr. McElroy's dim, blue eyes.

"You always did have a good heart, Sarah," said he; "but I wonder how you can have any patience left with me, after the times I've scolded you for half a pound extra of coffee, or a nutmeg!"

"And I am going to take in dressmaking!" declared Delinda. "Oh, you'll see, Uncle John—you will live like a gentleman."

"You needn't think that we have lived on your generosity all these years, not to try to repay it now," said Lucy.

"I! Generosity!" said Uncle John, hardly certain whether the words were in serious earnest.

But no, there was no covert light of sarcasm in Delinda's bright, brown eyes as she bent caressingly over him. It was real love, real gratitude that sparkled there.

"It's just as they all say," declared James, the stalwart young farmer. "We own everything to you, Uncle John, and we don't forget it. And if you don't sell your tobacco crops raised on the place, I'm blessed if you shan't have your own way. Not a tobacco leaf shall be grown! But I really think we can do pretty well with a vineyard on the side hill, now that grapes are bringing such a profit, instead of using it as a sheep-pasture."

And Lucy brought him a letter.

"It is from Mr Grover, Uncle," said she. "He offers to give us singing lessons for nothing, if I will help him with the Sunday-school music; and then, pretty soon, I shall be able to earn money for you, too. Dear uncle," with tears in her eyes, "we have all loved you, only we didn't dare to let you how much. If—if you would only let me kiss you. Uncle John!"

The old man clasped her in his arms with tears streaming down his wrinkled cheeks.

"I don't care for the money," he faltered. "Only don't you go, for you will only love me like this. I never was happier in my life. I know now what that feeling is that has been chilling and freezing me all my life. It was my heart starving to death! Yes, yes, we'll begin the world over again, children—you and I. We'll begin to enjoy ourselves at last."

They were sitting talking in the purple dusk of the summer evening, when there came a knock at the door. It was the little telegraph lad, breathless with haste.

"I've made a mistake," said he. I've left the dispatch at the wrong place. It was for Mr. McAblin, at the hotel down the street. There wasn't no dispatch come for Mr. McElroy, at all. Please to give me back the envelope?"

The family all looked at each other as the boy rushed down the road with his freight of evil tidings for some one else.

"And my money is all safe said Mr. McElroy, with a long breath—all safe! It seems like a miracle, don't it? or a lesson sent direct from the Lord to try us. Well, it won't be thrown away on me Jim, here is ten dollars to subscribe to the furniture."

"It's too much, sir," said James.

"No, it ain't!" shouted Uncle McElroy. "Matthew!" fumbling in his pocket-book. "Here's your note to me for a thousand dollars. I make you a present of it."

He tore it in two as he spoke.

"Delinda shall have a new spring suit just as quick as she can and the milliner can settle matters between them," he continued. "Lucy shall take singing lessons, and I'll buy an organ for her. and Sarah shall have a hired girl to lighten up the farm work a little. Hu-h! Don't say a word, one of you. That money has come back to me, as if through a miracle, and I mean to enjoy it now."

The next day he went to the city and took his money out of the hands of Raven & Co.

"Allow me to advise you not to disturb it," said the senior partner. "We were just about to put it in some excellent mining stocks."

"Hang your mining stock!" said Mr. McElroy. "Government securities are the article for me; no-nine good, straight bonds and mortgages at six per cent."

For Mr. McElroy had learned more lessons than one in the course of the last twenty-four hours.

Choice Miscellany.

MEDITATIONS ON THE MOUNTAIN-TOP.—One of the most pleasing signs of the cordial relations existing between the North and the South—which were recently testing each other's mettle with swords and muskets—is the frank and even forward admission that Mount Mitchell, the highest peak in the Black Mountains, North Carolina, is higher by several hundred feet than Mount Washington, in New Hampshire, and the modest manner in which the south admits this glory, as if reluctant to wound northern sensibilities. It may be a regret on both sides that the highest point of land east of the Rocky Mountains does not bear the name of Washington. The peak in New Hampshire was allotted to him in good faith that it was the highest, and his shade must be content with the good intention. Even the Father of his Country can not be permitted to sprawl all over the continent to the exclusion of all other aspirants for high honor; and we must be satisfied with giving him (in the Washington Monument) the tallest pile of stone built by anybody since the Tower of Babel, and let Professor Mitchell sleep in peace on his mountain in the lonesomest it can. The highest place of grave in the republic. On the summit of that wooded p ak, 6711 feet above the Atlantic, and almost that height above Mount Vernon. Mitchell lies amid the clouds and thunder-storms and aerial battles of the Black Mountains. This isolation of eminence is a matter of fortune. Washington did wast he could for his personal elevation; he cut his initials as high up on the buttress of the Natural Bridge as his strength and aim would allow, and even put it Prof. Mitchell were now living and were a candidate for the Presidency, his mountain would not escape detection, and probably venal surveyors would be found to depreciate its height, in the interest of party.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in *Harper's Magazine for November.*

How Much Makes a Man Rich.

"To be rich," said William L. Marcy, at one time Secretary of State, "requires only a satisfactory condition of mind. One man may be rich with a hundred dollars, while another, in the possession of millions, may think himself poor, and if the necessities of life are enjoyed by each it is evident that the man who is best satisfied with his possession is the richest." To illustrate this idea Mr. Marcy related the following anecdote: "While I was Governor of the state of New York I was called upon one morning by a plain, honest, old backwoodsman, who stalked in and commenced conversation by inquiring if this was Mr. Marcy? I replied that was my name. 'Bill Marcy?' said he, and I gave assent. 'Used to live in Southport, didn't ye?' I answered in the affirmative, and he told me he was formerly a near neighbor of mine of the Constitution; but now they take as much national pride in the bigness of Mitchell as if it were situated on Boston Commons. It is one of the satisfactions of human nature that people should take a sort of credit to themselves for such excrescences on the surface of the earth in the places they inhabit. The inflation of western people about their eminences is as harmless as it is pleasing, and we dwellers about the old mountains. Their importance in the world is increased by the added height of their mountains; and we know that what some Englishmen call boastfulness is only a laudable pride in the real, though generous scale on which nature is laid out west of the Mississipi River. We all share, in a way, in the distinction which the Rockies and the Alleghanies confer upon any time comes when we shall desire the annexation of Mexico, the possession of Popocatepetl will be a weight in the scale of our desire.

We can not leave this fruitful theme without a suggestion that may serve to moderate any lingering feeling of sectional rivalry or envy in the minds of the people of the respective heights of these two respectable mountains. The White Mountains are of grander form and even in their frost-drying climate likely to outlast the republic in their integrity. But the Black Mountains are built of a softer material, and would be subject to a more rapid degradation if they were stripped of their protecting vegetation and subject to the wash of the frequent rains. Even the best mountains are slowly wearing away, and we feel that the American sensibilities. It may be a regret on both sides that the highest point of land east of the Rocky Mountains does not bear the name of Washington. The peak in New Hampshire was allotted to him in good faith that it was the highest, and his shade must be content with the good intention. Even the Father of his Country can not be permitted to sprawl all over the continent to the exclusion of all other aspirants for high honor; and we must be satisfied with giving him (in the Washington Monument) the tallest pile of stone built by anybody since the Tower of Babel, and let Professor Mitchell sleep in peace on his mountain in the lonesomest it can. The highest place of grave in the republic. On the summit of that wooded p ak, 6711 feet above the Atlantic, and almost that height above Mount Vernon. Mitchell lies amid the clouds and thunder-storms and aerial battles of the Black Mountains. This isolation of eminence is a matter of fortune. Washington did wast he could for his personal elevation; he cut his initials as high up on the buttress of the Natural Bridge as his strength and aim would allow, and even put it Prof. Mitchell were now living and were a candidate for the Presidency, his mountain would not escape detection, and probably venal surveyors would be found to depreciate its height, in the interest of party.—CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, in *Harper's Magazine for November.*

Gold in Teeth.

"There are about 17,000 dentists in the United States, and they pack into the teeth of the American people a ton of pure gold every year. I guess about five times that weight of less precious metal, such as tin, silver and platinum, go the same way. Now, these metals are worth $1,000,000, and in the twenty-first century all the coin in the United States will be buried in the grave-yards." The dentist looked distressed at the result of his calculations, and the reporter, to revive him, suggested that the figures were an argument in favor of cremation. The dentist shrugged his shoulders.

"Yes," said he, "but you've no idea how the gold is thus becoming used up. People used to be content with filling the dark caverns of their molars with any kind of metal; now it must be gold. There is also a growing industry in filling artificial teeth."

"How can they want filling?" asked the surprised reporter.

"Why, my dear sir, they are made so. You know how carpenters will pick the finest, smoothest board for the interior work in a house and will then have a painter to daub it all over with knots, crossgrains and spits? So the modern patron of artificial teeth takes his elegant new set to the dentist and has him drill out vacancies to fill. Looks natural, don't you see? Hundreds of pounds of gold are disposed of in this way every year. It isn't so particular the gold that the wearers of these artificial teeth wast to display as it is to have the stronger citizen look upon them as their natural grinders. You see, don't you? and the dentist tapped his own false teeth with a little probe that he held in his hand.

"Is the artificial teeth industry a growing one?" inquired the reporter.

"Oh, yes; although statistics show that only one-third of the people in the United States are provided with artificial teeth to themselves of them. Strange, isn't it? Yet there are about 4,000,000 of them made in this country a year, as it is. Prices vary from $5 to $50 per set. Chicago is the where dentists used to retire after eight or nine years of practice and live in luxury the rest of their lives, and then die poor. We formerly had from $40 to $100 for a double set of teeth. Now $20 is a good price, and good ones that will last five or six years can be bought for from $8 to $10."

"Is the decay of teeth increasing or diminishing among the people of this country?"

"Oh, increasing. Two hundred years ago one person in five had sound teeth. A hundred years ago but one person in twenty-five had perfect teeth; and in this nineteenth century age of reform our very latest statistics show that but one person in eighty has perfectly sound teeth. It's an alarming condition of things, and by their cause rate it doesn't take a very deep mathematician to see that the time is near at hand when unsound teeth will be universal. Their decay is largely augmented by the use of tooth destrifices and powders which are advertised to give them a pearly look. It does just the reverse. It removes the sparkling enamel and puts in its place a ghastly pale wood-pasty color that is positively repulsive."

The Deacon's Reproof.

A certain minister, who belonged to the fault-finding, scolding tribe, having exhausted the patience of several churches, was called to a fresh field. For a little while all went well, and he was even on a "call" but the ruling passion soon began to betray itself; and Sunday after Sunday he piled the whip with merciless fury, until only a few of the most conscientious appeared to receive their portion or something that was not meat in due season. At the conclusion of one of his excoriating harangues, a worthy deacon called at the minister's house to take dinner. After finishing a bountiful repast, which is always the time a thoughtful man chooses to perform a delicate service, he very quietly asked his guest if he had ever read and carefully studied John's account of the interview between the Saviour and the woman of Samaria, after his resurrection. "Oh, yes," said the divine, as often read it with profit." "Well," said the deacon, "suppose I turn to it, and read it together." The minister, as the pastor, "I can repeat it all from memory." "But," persisted the deacon, "I prefer reading it now." So the book was opened at the place, and the deacon began: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord; Thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, Be a good shepherd. He saith unto him the second time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? He saith unto him, *Mail* thou me. He saith unto him the third time, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? And Peter was grieved because he said to him the third time, lovest thou me? And he said to him, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus saith unto him, Feed my sheep." The good deacon closed the book with great gravity, and no matter how the story ends.—*Christian Index.*

An exchange remarks that suburban residents may now see here and there in farm yards the haughty turkey strutting about and displaying his gaudy tail and pride of his respective heights of these two respectable mountains. The White Mountains are of grander form and even in their frost-drying climate likely to outlast the republic in their integrity. But the Black Mountains are built of a softer material, and would be subject to a more rapid degradation if they were stripped of their protecting vegetation and subject to the wash of the frequent rains. Even the best mountains are slowly wearing away, and we feel that the American sentiment that in Mitchell as he stands upon his green summit, must be moderated by regret that it was not made of granite. The geologists assure us that we will not be sick to the altitude of a common hill, but even the geologists can not sensibly lessen our feeling of security that Mitchell will moved up into Vermont, and put right into the woods, and I reckon no family that sat down more trees and cleared more land than any other in the whole State." "And so you have come to the raising of it. How much do you consider yourself worth?" I asked, feeling a little curious to know what he considered a fortune, as he seemed so well to enjoy life with his small way. "Well, I reckon I'm worth exactly how much I am worth; but I think (straightening himself up) if all my debts were paid I should be worth three hundred dollars clear cash; and he was rich, for h s was satisfied."—*Nancy Memoirs.*

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—"The glory of the summer is gone, by, the beautiful green ness has become withered and dead. Were this all, were there no broken ties of earthly associations, of hearts withering, connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not engage in melancholy. The season of flowers will come again, the stream will flow gracefully as before, the trees will again bend their cumbrous heads of greenness to the sunlight, and by mossy stone and bounding rivulet the blossoms will start up as at the bidding of their guardian. But the broken and withered heart has no change like that of nature. It hath no spring time. The dawn of affection may fail, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished on it, but the seared roots of blighted feeling will never wake into life, nor the crushed flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty."

Curious Things.

A LITTLE CALIFORNIA BEE STORY.—"Talking about bees," remarked a passenger from the West, "people in this country don't know what bees is. I mean they don't know what a big swarm is. Now, out in California, at the foot of the mountains, I've seen swarms that was worth talkin' about. The air was full of 'em. 'Bout sundown, when they come from the fields to their trees in the mountains, it gets dark as sudden as if the lights should go out. I've seen a thousand bees in my yard. Dave Johnston—poor Dave—an' me found there was a hundred bar'l or two of boney in a whoppin' big fir tree. We made up our minds to her it. So we fixed ourselves up for a fight. We made suits out of gunny sacks that covered our faces and hands. There wasn't any place left they could sting us, and we wore heavy gloves, tied down tight at the wrists. We were to take turns chopping at the tree. Dave tackled it first. I stood back and watched him. The first blow he struck didn't rile 'em up much, for only about two million came out an' went for him. The second blow brought out a few million more. The third blow didn't sound very loud, and I saw him raise the axe for the fourth. But it never struck. The air was full of bees, and the tree was so full of bees that he couldn't move the axe. Then I lost sight of him entirely. I never saw him again."

"Why? Did the bees sting him to death?"

"No, they couldn't sting him, but they formed a solid wall around him ten feet thick and smothered him to death. Why, I couldn't get near myself on account of the bees hadn't been down on the plains at work."—*Chicago Herald.*

A FIGHT WITH LIONS. One morning not long ago Jesse Croceline started for Bald Mountain, a few miles east of town, in search of his ponies. A little dog went with him to the mountain, but they saw nothing of the ponies. As they were about to return a low growl, coming from a clump of jack pines, caused their hearts to stop beating and their hats to rise. Quickly glancing down the hill Jess saw the head of a huge mountain lion protruding from the thicket. Quick as thought he drew his revolver and fired. The lion sprang several feet in the air and fell dead. At this moment another came tearing through the bush, and Jess again fired, striking it in the shoulder; the lion gave another spring and Jess fired again, striking it in the throat and killing it. He then looked for his tenderfoot. He wasn't, and saw him about a quarter of a mile away, wallowing up to his neck in a snowdrift. The large lion measured six feet from tip to tip, and is a beautiful specimen. The smaller one measured but seven feet. Jess has lost confidence in tenderfeet, and Webster will return East.—*Omaha Herald.*

A COLORED GIRL TURNING WHITE. At No. 22 Whatcoat street, Baltimore, is an old woman who made a fortune in addition to providing her natural colored skin and assuming one as white as the driven snow. Her name is Martha Moody, and both her father and mother were of African descent. The metamorphosis became noticeable about four years ago in a small white speck on the forehead, which gradually enlarged until it resumed a beacon light. Then white spots appeared on other parts of the face and extended like a ring worm over her features, until at the present time the features resemble the map of Africa, with the exception of the two hemispheres. One copper colored ear is surrounded by a field of white, while the other corresponds in color to that of the neck, which has undergone no change. Recently white spots have appeared on different parts of the body and are enlarging rapidly. The new color is a white as that of the Caucasian race. Sometimes it assumes a reddish tinge, as if the child had resorted to paint to heighten her complexion. Seven physicians have seen the girl and studied the change or color to the gradual disappearance of the black granules of pigment in the complexion. The mother expresses the hope that the natural color will return at some future time.

USES OF THE ELEPHANT'S TRUNK. There is a popular misapprehension in regard to the uses and powers of the elephant's trunk. A well informed writer affirms that this organ is chiefly used by the animal to procure its food and to convey it and water to its mouth, and also to warn it of danger by the sense of smell with which it is so delicate and sensitive organ, and is never used as a rough work. In any dangerous situation the elephant at once guards it by curling it up. The idea that the animal uses it for any purpose, from picking up a needle to dragging a piece of ordnance from a bog, is, like many others connected with the elephant, founded entirely on fancy. Its strength is enormous in such work as dragging timber, invariably take the rope between their teeth; they never attempt to pull a heavy weight with their trunk. The trunk of an elephant is powerful enough to extricate a cannon from a difficult situation; but he does it by pushing with his head or feet, or in harness, never by lifting or drawing with the trunk. Elephants do not push with the forehead or region above the eyes, but with the base of the trunk or snout, about one foot below the eyes.

HORSE'S TERRIBLE REVENGE. A terrible accident happened at the Lexington fair grounds, where the well known horse Merrill, constantly keep many trotting horses for various parties. A trainer, named William Kimball, had in charge a stallion, Sherman's Hambletonian, and he slipped him so severely that the horse threw the man, turned on him furiously, and attempted to kill him by striking and biting. Missing the mark with his knees, the infuriated stallion began on the prostrate trainer with his teeth, and when driven off by the shouts and gestures of a negro boy, returned to the attack, and before Kimball was finally released, a wrist and leg were broken and the flesh was torn from his breast and shoulders in a manner that is a painful condition. And his injuries are quite serious.—*Louisville Commercial.*

HUNTED BY A SNAKE. While Herman Painter was plowing in Warren county, Miss., he suddenly came upon a large black snake quietly coiled by the side of a stump. Herman stopped his team, and, while getting a stick to dispatch his snakeship, the horses became frightened and started off on a run, following the furrow, which in length was closely pursued by the snake. While the race was in progress, James Welch, who had been hunting, came up with a loaded gun, and, after shooting the snake, assisted young Painter to secure his team, which, after a few turns around the field, was done. The snake measured eleven feet, and a half inches in length.—*Kirksville Democrat.*

A VOW OF SILENCE. The English papers have brought us an account of the death of an eccentric character in London, who maintained voluntary silence. The history of this unloquacious man is well known in Switzerland. He used to perambulate the country, dressed in a gray blouse and large hat. He was believed to be dumb, for only communicated by signs. His name was Weitstein, and many years ago a rash speech on his part caused terrible mischief. A young girl, who was the victim of his love, was rejected by him. She tended bridegroom, and committed suicide. Weitstein, who was the author of the mischief, felt now that he would speak no more for twenty years. He kept his word, and died in the fourteenth year.—*Berne Letter.*

A SCARED PANTHER. What came near being a tragedy occurred, on Salt River last Thursday, to Mr. Agee, Mr. Shiver, well known in this part of Florida, was absent from home on business and his wife, after attending to her household duties, had seated herself near the door at her sewing, while her little one played around on the floor, near at hand. Hearing a slight noise, Mr. Shiver looked around and saw, crouched within a dozen feet of her and the babe, an immense panther, ready to spring. With a shriek she sprang to her feet and dashed into the heavy sheare with which she was cutting her work in the panther's face, snatched her child and rushed back into the house. The panther, disconcerted by the unlooked for attack and noise, beat a deliberate retreat for the swamp.—*Brooksville Crescent.*

A MARINER WHO FED UPON MICE. Joseph Lawdor, of Bridgeport, Conn., was a seafaring man until recently. On his last voyage the vessel was wrecked, and the crew all perished except himself. For days, he drifted around on the hull of the bark without a bite to eat. Quite a number of rats came to the hold. These would frequently venture out and nibble at his feet. At last he became so hungry that he began butchering and eating them. Upon reaching land once more, he subsisted until a sailing vessel picked him up.—*Salt Lake News.*

SAVED FROM SUICIDE. A cashier, living in the Rue Andre del Sarte, was about to commit suicide a day or two ago because he had lost a portfolio of securities by his employer, and containing about 100,000f. Happily the employer called upon him in the nature of the work, and, with words of encouragement, induced him to return to the office, where, to their surprise, they found the portfolio now lying in a pasteboard